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SONGS OF MEMORY AND HOPE

SWAN

KD 24205



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**SONGS OF
MEMORY AND HOPE**

SONGS OF MEMORY AND HOPE

BY
ANNIE SWAN



H. M. CALDWELL CO.
PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK BOSTON

KD 24205

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**TO THE MEMORY
OF
My Son**

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Songs of Memory and Hope

EFFIE

My maiden, with the steadfast brows,
And sea-blue, quiet eyes,
Wherein the eager spirit glows,
So often wonder-wise.

The mirrors of your speaking face
Flash true to every mood.
Out in the chill world's market-place
'Twill be misunderstood.

You have for pride, and wrong, and ruth,
A hate deep as the sea,
White soul of purity and truth,
Waiting the master key.

God guard thy ripening womanhood,
Thou child of countless prayers!
And teach thee life is only good
Close by His altar stairs.

Songs of Memory and Hope

THE PRAYER

1900

Soft creep the shadows to the walls and
floor,

The lights are low, the stars their vigil
keep.

Sweet is the stillness; the long day is
o'er,

The children sleep.

Safe is the fold; sure here no ill can find,
Nor danger haunt thy pillow, oh, mine
own!

And yet, dear God, from nests as tender-
lined

The birds have flown.

My heart is brooding with an anxious
fear,

They are so young, so tender, and alone.
O Thou, to whom of old the lambs were
dear,

Make mine Thine own!

Songs of Memory and Hope

THE ANSWER

1910

WHERE the hurrying sail with rapture
fills,
And sea and sky are wed,
In a low green lap of the dear north hills,
A white cross lifts its head.

White is the stone, but the red heart's
blood,
Is graven with that name.
Fond hope was quenched in deepest flood
When to that grave it came.

The Lord God walked in the garden fair,
In the hush of eventide,
And for the sad heart prostrate there,
Had pity deep and wide.

"Daughter, where is your trust in Me,
Your boasted love?" He said.
"You bade Me keep them safe for thee,
Lo, I have answered."

Songs of Memory and Hope

THE TRYST

DEAR, we've been long together,
Side by side
In stress of wind and weather,
Far and wide.
And if sometimes my spirit,
Overwrought,
Failed to grasp the merit,
Of your thought;
If sometimes a little blind
To the good,
Never wilfully unkind,
You understood.
But now 'tis buried deep,
Deep as the sea,
For we've a tryst to keep,
Just you and me.
Far on the other side,
Through the gates,
Beside the soundless tide,
Some one waits.

Songs of Memory and Hope

We shall greet him hand in hand,
Thine and mine.
Then we shall understand
Love Divine!

Songs of Memory and Hope

"IF WE BUT KNEW"

If we but knew that through the closing
door

Some one we love would enter never-
more,

Would we not hasten with our richest
store?

If we but knew!

If we but knew that from the market-
place

Soon we should miss some kind familiar
face,

Would our cold greetings not be touched
with grace?

If we but knew!

If we but knew some heart beside our
own,

Had walked in dark Gethsemane alone,
Oh, with what largesse would our love
be shown!

If we but knew!

Songs of Memory and Hope

Dear Jesus, patient, understanding, kind,
We are Thy lost sheep in a winter wind,
Forgive us that we are so wilful blind!
Teach us to know!

TO ANY MOTHER

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

DEAR mother, busy with your Christmas
cheer,
Your hands so full, your heart a little
tired,
I pray you, when you think the rafters
ring
Too loudly for the nerves that are so
jarred
By all your planning and your weight of
cares,
When o'er your household ways sweeps
avalanche,

Songs of Memory and Hope

And everywhere a ruth of boyish things,
Mars for a space the symmetry you
love,

I pray you, smile, smile on, and never
shut

Your heart to these glad sounds, nor let
your eyes

Be dimmed by anything but joy.

Oh, never mind the footprints on the
stairs,

The finger-marks upon the cherished
walls.

All these should be your riches, and they
are.

And when at holy hush of eventide,

When all the homing birds come back to
rest,

Should you perchance steal through the
quiet rooms,

To brood with tender eyes on their sweet
rest,

I pray you, then, down on your knees and
ask

Songs of Memory and Hope

That God may let you know how rich you
are.

That in His mercy you may never know
The hunger of the house where silence
reigns.

THE QUEST

OH, but I loved my bonny boy,
My rose with never a thorn!
Dear God, did I not take full joy
In the man-child I had borne?

From out the smile of his winsome face
A vision would come to me
Of an old frail wife in a warm house-
place,
Her son's son at her knee.

But now how can I grow old or weak?
For soon like a homing bird,
My garnered treasure I go to seek,
In the garden of the Lord.

Songs of Memory and Hope

It may be a steep and winding road,
And there will be gates and bars,
But He who lifted the heaviest load
Has charge o'er the guiding stars.

At the long last mile they will set me
down,
At the rim of the outermost sea,
And Love which promised, No cross, no
crown,
Will give back my heart to me.

EASTER - DAY

Low wind coming up from the outermost
sea,
All wet with the drift of the foam,
Oh, say, do you carry a message for me
From the far-away portals of home?
Do you come from a land where the sun
never sets,
Where love never wounds or grows
cold?

Songs of Memory and Hope

Can you waft to the heart that never
forgets,
Some hint of that glory untold?

Dear Angel, that watched where the
Saviour had risen,
In the dawn of the first Easter-Day,
Oh, come back in love, to open this prison
And roll one more headstone away.

LOVE'S CROWN

A PILGRIM came, worn, weary, sad at
heart,
His hurt feet bleeding from the toilsome
way,
To the white gates where Love did sit
enthroned
A shrine for worshipping humanity.
And when he reached her footstool, kneel-
ing low,
Into his anguished heart great wonder
stole,

Songs of Memory and Hope

Great wonder and great peace, for in her
eyes,
Washed clear by bitt'rest tears, there
dwelt the light
Eye hath not seen; on her majestic brows
The mystery of being, and of pain
Was writ in words which men found hard
to read.
But when he hid his face, and bowed his
head,
Riven by the anguish of his human loss,
From his pale lips, grown haggard with
their woe,
Fell these sad words — "Love, what art
thou?
A mockery, a thing men hold more dear
Than life itself, yet art thou but a scourge
Of whipcords for each hungry human
soul
That shelters thee; too fleeting are thy
joys,
Too frail and lovely, and too deep thy
woe!"

Songs of Memory and Hope

So cried he in his pain. Then Love
stooped down,
And touched him with white finger tenderly,
Her large eyes wet with mist of human
tears.
“ Oh, tortured heart, know thou that
Love is wise,
That for her chosen ones she hath two
cups,
One bitter and one sweet; so be content,
Since thou hast tasted both, nay, more,
be glad.
My crown and kingdom I have shared
with thee,
So is thy kingly heritage complete!”
Uprose the pilgrim comforted, and yet,
A further question his sad lips essayed:
“ Say, since on earth no peace for thee
is found,
Since bitter thy full chalice at the dregs,
Is there some fairer clime, some Paradise

Songs of Memory and Hope

Where thou shalt taste joy only, where
sweet sleep
Shall bring no sad awaking, where thy
wounds
Shall bleed no more?" Love, radiant,
answered Yea!

WAITING

LONG seems the day,
To waiting ones upon a lonely shore,
When dear ones gone a little while be-
fore,
Call us away.
Though every day rich blessings come
and go,
Though life's grey bypaths are some-
times aglow
With the soft radiance of many a smile,
And though the sun is shining yet awhile,
Still there will come,
When hearts grow sick and weary of the
strife,

Songs of Memory and Hope

A great, sad longing for a fuller life,
A dearer home.
Where never shadows fall athwart the
glow,
Where never cometh weariness or woe,
Where never discords mar the angels'
song,
Where never sorrows touch the white-
robed throng.

It comes to me
So strong at times I could cry out in pain.
A longing, vast, unspeakable, but vain
That I can see.
For in my day I have my work to do,
My mite to give to aid the good and true,
My corner of the field to dress for Him,
Even till my hands grow weak, my eyes
grow dim.
And then, ah then, the vision of His
coming is so sweet,
Shall I fall down, I wonder, at His feet,
And say again,

Songs of Memory and Hope

What here on earth has been my constant
cry,

“ My Master! I am so unworthy, why
Art Thou so tender with Thy sinful child?
I have not been like Thee, meek, lowly,
mild.

“ Sure Thou hast known,
How I have striven against Divinest will,
How I have shunned the narrow way,
and still

Pursued mine own.
Thou knowest how I made me idols
here,
And worshipped them in blindness year
by year,
And how, when they were taken one by
one,
I could not, would not, say, ‘ Thy will be
done.’

Yea, though I knew
How sweet it was for them to find Thy
rest,

Songs of Memory and Hope

How sweet to leave a world where cares
oppress

And joys are few."

Then will there come, I wonder, on His
face,

A new swift revelation of His grace.

And will He straight make answer unto
me,

I lovèd thee, and gave Myself for thee?

I do not know,

But this I know, that when His time shall
come

To call another weary pilgrim home,

That I shall go

Gladly to meet my Master face to face,

To taste in full the riches of His grace,

To learn the meaning of this earthly
life,

The wherefore of this care and toil and
strife.

It may be late,

Before I hear Him coming at the door,

Songs of Memory and Hope

Before He calls me to the further shore,
But I can wait,
For He *will* come
To make the valley radiant with His
smile.
He *will* say, "Daughter, come and rest
awhile
With me at home."

A CRY IN THE NIGHT

In this sad world of ours,
Where unsweet tears and blurring shadows fall,
'Tis comfort, Lord, to know that we are
Thine,
That in Thy hand the mighty chaos lies,
That Thine the key of that great mystery,
Which men call life.
We could not bear it else,
For as the years go by,

Songs of Memory and Hope

One sorrow makes a strange prepared
way,

For yet another, one by one, life's joys
Are wrested from us, ere we call them
ours.

And sweetest human ties are severed
wide,

And sweetest human cares slip from our
grasp,

And dear home nests are robbed of all
the birds,

And family trees are stripped of flower
and leaf,

Till many graves lie greenly side by side.

And with sad folded hands we sit and
say,

How can God have it so?

For we are very human, and our hearts
Cry out in anguish for the lost and dear.

Our yearning eyes seek dumbly for the
smile

Of angel faces gone.

Then pity us, dear God.

Songs of Memory and Hope

Oh, wrap us very warmly in Thy love,
That so our hearts shall wonder and be
still.

And since the cross is Thine, oh, help us
bear

It very patiently, until that blessed morn
When every severed bond shall join
again.

And in the light that circles round Thy
throne,

In all His beauty, we shall see the King.

THE THREE CROSSES

WE came together, my soul and I,
Alone to a desert place,
We raised our eyes to the pitiless sky,
And mocked at the Lord of grace.

We showed Him the yawn of the new-
made grave,
Dead hopes of yester-year.

Songs of Memory and Hope

We cried in scorn, " Oh, mighty to save,"
Bring back the lost and dear!

There fluttered a sigh through the desert
place,
Like a wind rising out of the sea,
And then through a rift in the cold grey
sky,
Lo, there shone crosses three!

And the Lord Himself was hanging
there,
With the blood-sweat on His brow.
" My cross," He said, " ye must likewise
share,
Ye are but worthy now! "

My soul and I, in Love's close grips,
Went straightway to our knees,
And prayer fell trembling from our lips,
Like wind among the trees.

Songs of Memory and Hope

MY SHIP

I LAUNCHED my ship in the rose-red dawn
As the new day was born.
From smiling shores the wrack was
blown,
The wind was in the corn.
I brought her in on the chill night-tide,
Nor harbour could afford.
But hope smiled steadfast by my side,
The Pilot was on board.

SEA TWILIGHT

O CHRIST, who stilled the troubled wave
On restless Galilee,
Be near when at some evening hour
My barque puts out to sea.

Mid-channel where the treacherous gulf
Is yawning deep and wide,
Dear Pilot of the loneliest track
Quell Thou dark Jordan's tide.

Songs of Memory and Hope

Near hast Thou been when I have quaffed
Life's chalice at the brim;
Be nearer as the shadows creep
And the long day grows dim.

Night on the tumult of the deep,
The lone sail droops afar,
Even hope may hide a shuddering wing
Beneath the evening star.

Life — what is Life but penalty,
Unfathomed mystery,
Save when illumined by the light
From out Eternity?

Lord, thou art changeless, and the soul,
Now anchored safe in Thee,
Waits fearless for the call that bids
The barque put out to sea.

Songs of Memory and Hope

IN THE TWILIGHT

UPON my heart in this old room
There lies a sad, sweet spell —
A gleam from long-gone Sabbath eves
When twilight lingering fell.

When we were wont to gather here
To sing the evening psalm;
But oh, I cannot feel to-night
That holy Sabbath calm!

We did not know how blessed we were
In that dear parent nest;
What recked we of life's care and toil —
Its billows of unrest?

We sang old French, and sweet Evan,
And Martyrs mournful strain;
They come sometimes in dreams to me,
In lingering refrain.

And here she sat — O heart, be still!
Recall the gentle smile,

Songs of Memory and Hope

The sweet, kind touch, the wealth of love,
Which we have lost awhile.

Sweet mother, dost thou know in heaven
What longings vast are mine?
How much there is I cannot tell
To any ear but thine?

When care-oppressed my heart cries out
In passion vain for thee:
The joys which thou canst never share
Are scarcely joys to me.

O heart, be still! This quiet room,
Deep fraught with memory,
Is full of whisperings of peace,
Of hope and love for thee!

Not lost, but safe within the light
Of heaven's eternal day:
He knoweth all, and in His time —
Perhaps not far away —

Songs of Memory and Hope

Long severed hands shall clasp again,
Sad eyes with rapture fill.
No more sorrow — no more pain!
Till then, O heart, be still.

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL

IN the hushed and pleasant twilight,
When peace lies on the earth;
When the ruddy glow of the firelight
Brightens our cosy hearth, —

I steal a few quiet moments,
To dream in my restful chair;
To gratefully count the blessings
Which free my heart from care.

The day has been sweet and pleasant,
With never a thing to jar;
Some bird of heavenly promise
Has brought me peace from afar.

And the hot and restless spirit,
Which oftentimes buffets me,

Songs of Memory and Hope

Is hushed in deepest stillness,
Dear Lord, with thoughts of Thee.

And somehow the heaven above me
Has seemed less far away,
And the picture on the mantel
Has worn a smile all day.

For when I am cross and weary,
And the day seems dull and long;
When I feel my work a burden,
And everything goes wrong, —

I dare not look at the picture,
For I know that the grave, sweet eyes
Are looking down upon me
In gentle, grieved surprise.

And the broad, mild brow seems troubled,
As it used to be of yore,
When for her wayward children
The mother-heart was sore.

Songs of Memory and Hope

But to-day no shadow darkens
The picture on the wall,
And on each cherished feature
The setting sunbeams fall.

Lord, keep my spirit tranquil
Within my wayward breast;
The heart which thus would trust Thee
Alone finds perfect rest.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHIDDER

STRONG wind from out the north,
That speeds the falling leaves;
Low wind from out the south,
That shakes the barley sheaves.

I pray you, quiet here!
Breathe scarce a tender sigh:
Hushed be your requiem,
To crooning lullaby.

Songs of Memory and Hope

Proud eagle on the crag,
Smooth, smooth your glitt'ring crest,
Swoop low and softly, where
The white dove has her nest.

Lie lightly, winter snow,
Above her quiet head;
Sweet sun, no shadow here —
Shine on to warm her bed!

Dark night, come softly down;
White moon, safeguard her rest;
Fold her, kind mother earth,
Close to your tender breast!

THE GARDEN OF THE LORD

THERE is a garden fair
Beneath celestial skies,
In that serenest clime
Which men call Paradise.

Songs of Memory and Hope

Sweet are the balmy airs
Its blissful paths afford;
No winter blight can chill
The garden of the Lord.

And there the children play,
The children of His love,
The lambs the Shepherd chose
For His fair fold above.

He saw the weary way,
The toil, the pain, the care,
The blight of sin, the crown of thorns,
Each earth-born child must wear.

And so in love He takes
The lambs within His arms;
And bears them through the pearly gates,
Safe from all sad alarms.

Not lost — oh no! — nor hid,
The eye of faith can see
Those blissful fields, that happy shore,
Where quiet waters be.

Songs of Memory and Hope

THE TEACHER

Wise teachers we have had from time to
time,

Offering deep counsel to the world of
men.

It comes through every age and creed and
clime,

The message to the need, — fit now as
then.

But while we answer to the clarion
call,

We know thee, Life, as wiser than them
all!

And there have been great heroes of the
past,

The deathless pæan of their deeds
sublime

Stirs the slow pulses, makes the blood
run fast,

Tuned to the echo of its heavenly
chime.

Songs of Memory and Hope

While from our lips the ready praises fall,
We hail thee, Life, the greatest of them
all!

Sweet deeds of loving-kindness have been
wrought,
Restoring faith, establishing the good,
Making experience rich, uplifting
thought,
Even when but partly understood.
We make not light of these, but in thy
thrall,
Oh, Life, we prove thee kinder than them
all!

For why? In thy strong wonder-working
scales
Thou weighest worldly wisdom, worldly
pelf.
Thy patience, tenderness, nor justice
fails,
And thy great summing-up, Soul,
know thyself!

Songs of Memory and Hope

SONNETS

ON LOCH KATRINE

FAIR scenes made sacred by the mystic
spell

Of the magician's fancy! Here we touch
Another and a lovelier world, where men
Were kings and heroes, and where maid-
ens' eyes

Gave dear reward for knightly deeds well
done,

Crowning with love the soldier's arduous
days.

Sweet Ellen's Isle, an em'rald set in blue,
Safe in the keeping of dark Ben Venue,
Where whispering waves make music at
command

Upon the fringes of the Silver Strand.
How passing beautiful art thou! and yet
On all a tender sorrow seems to dwell,

Songs of Memory and Hope

Like some sweet sadness, when the sun
has set.

Thou art enchanted! But we love thy
spell.

LOCH LAGGAN

GRIM, darksome mountain ridges
gemmed with snow,

Soft undulating uplands all aglow,
With mystery of heath and heather bell,
Deep bosky glades of silver birch and
pine.

Home of the red deer and the antlered
stag;

Swift flowing streams, and darkly gleam-
ing pools

Dear to the angler's heart. And fairer,
still,

Sweet inland seas kissed by an autumn
sun

Till every rippling wave is tipped with
gold.

Songs of Memory and Hope

And these are thine, O Scotland, land
more dear

Than all the rest to those who owe thee
birth!

They tell us of some fairer, sunnier climes,
Where soft-eyed maidens gather luscious
fruits

From off their smiling slopes; where
azure skies

Are never darkened by the Storm King's
frown.

But we, who love these greyer northern
skies,

Find in these dreams no charm. We
would not give

For their soft zephyrs one wild glorious
whiff

Of mountain air; nor for their sparkling
wines

One draught from out this crystal moun-
tain spring.

And so we pass back to our common life,
In deep content, the happier for this.

Songs of Memory and Hope

SUNRISE ON THE HUDSON

How soft the dawn lay on the silent
tide,
Which had no tremor on its gleaming
breast,
Save where upon the grey and wintry
shore
The sad waves make their low-toned
melody.
Strange, shadowy barques loomed weirdly
through the mists,
Like languid sea-birds wearied of their
flight;
And white shrouds wrapped the towering
heights
In mystic unreality. Such was the dawn.
But lo! even ere my heart grew dull and
sad
With longing for some brighter gleams
of hope,
A strange, glad trembling seized the
silent tide,

Songs of Memory and Hope

And golden shafts came stealing through
the gloom,
Until on waiting sea and shore there
shone
The smile of God, and all the world grew
glad.

GLENCOE

FIERCE mountain peaks hid in the weird
mist's fold,
Black gorges where the winter torrents
flow,
What secrets in thy silence lie untold?
Where is thy record of that wild night's
woe?
Here! 'mid the crumbling stones where
once there smiled
Full many a blessèd home; list the low
wail
Of the sad wind across the dreary waste,
The babbling stream, the sighing of the
leaves,

Songs of Memory and Hope

How they give back one bitter, sad refrain —

Alas for love! for fealty and truth,
For gen'rous trust, so fearfully betrayed,
For the wrecked hope of father, mother,
child!

Glencoe! upon thy melancholy name
Brood the twin shades — dark grief and
darker shame.

NIAGARA

To wait for sleep, lulled by the mighty
roar,
And when sleep comes to see in wild sweet
dreams
The wonder and the majesty. To hear at
morn
Resounding thunder through the quiet
air
Even while the sun gilds all the tender
sky

Songs of Memory and Hope

With glow of heavenliest promise. Then
to watch

With terror new the vast resistless force
Come hurrying to the brink, as if pursued
By fierce battalions. Then the awful leap
Into the abyss below. Oh, 'tis a sight
To stir the soul, to make the creature
shrink

In awe before his Maker's majesty!
And yet even here, amid the rush and
roar,

There dwells deep peace. For yonder
sun,

Gilding the seething mass, the tossing
foam

With rainbow hues of promise, is to me
The smile of God. And thus blind terror
fades

And joy sings in my heart. The strength
of hills is His!

The rush of wind and tide, the foaming
gorge

Are but the deeper breathings of His love.

Songs of Memory and Hope

NEW YORK — MIDNIGHT

O MIGHTY city, is there any hour
From daybreak till another dawning
comes,
When the white dove of peace can droop
her wings
In sweet compassion o'er thy throbbing
heart?
Is there no respite from the thund'ring
wheels,
The clangour of the bells? Art thou not
sick
Of too much life? Canst thou not sleep
While the calm stars a pitying vigil keep?
Is there no shore in this loud, stunning
tide
Whereon thy waves could break, and then
be still?
Canst thou not lift thine eyes to yon blue
heaven
And in its boundless peace hide thy un-
rest?

Songs of Memory and Hope

Canst thou not cast the burden of thy care
On the great Heart of Love beyond the
stars?

MAY

How tender green the uplands are to-day!
How fair the meadows decked with as-
phodel!
With yellow cowslip and with wild hare-
bell.
How snowy white the rich bloom of the
May!
Bright the glad sun his golden network
weaves,
While the full song of birds, the hum of
bees,
And the low whisper of the western breeze
Makes a deep ecstasy among the leaves.
In nestling corners hides the violet,
The primrose pale, the shy anemone,
The star-eyed daisy and the speedwell
gay,

Songs of Memory and Hope

With trembling dewdrops their sweet eyes
are wet.

Strong, swift, and free, the stream flows
on its way,

Humming its glad refrain, Lo, this is
May!

A HARVEST HYMN

O LORD, with goodness Thou hast
crowned the year.

The fields are clothed with wealth of
summer-tide,

The little hills rejoice on every side,
And golden corn is waving far and near.

All nature lifts her voice in song of praise,
The hallelujah glorious to swell,

And the glad sunshine of these perfect
days

Proclaims aloud, "God doeth all things
well!"

Shall we, Thy creatures, whom Thou
carest for

Songs of Memory and Hope

Be less responsive than the smiling earth?
May our hearts answer to Thy love and
power,
And bless Thee for the marvel of new
birth.

.
Ere from the tree fall the last flutt'ring
leaves,
Grant us, good Lord, to bring some har-
vest sheaves.

NOVEMBER

THICK lie the sodden leaves upon the
way,
And in the vale the air is strangely still.
The mists are gathering on yon distant
hill,
And the last swallow plumes for flight
to-day.
The blossoms of the autumn-time are
dead,
The latest sheaf is safely gathered home.

Songs of Memory and Hope

O'er barren stubble-fields low winds make
moan,
And all the glowing sunset tints are fled.
The sullen break of waves upon the shore,
The restless sighing through the leafless
pines,
Bring to our saddened hearts the certain
signs
That the bright days we loved are ours no
more.
From his bleak prison in the ice-bound
north
The storm king bids his wintry heralds
forth.

HARBOUR LIGHTS

How welcome sweet the gleam of harbour
lights
To toilers on the sea!
When glides the barque safe into port
What joy and peace are theirs!
Forgotten is the peril of the storm,

Songs of Memory and Hope

The wrath of wind and wave.
So is it with us all
Who toil o'er life's rough sea.
We dare not breast alone its wild dark
tide,
But He who stilled the waves on Galilee
Is able still. He loves us, He can
make
The storm a gracious calm.
His tender hand can soothe each troubled
wave,
And if we trust —
Like little children — He will bring us
safe
To that fair haven on the further shore
Where tumults are not, where is perfect
peace.

IN ST. MONAN'S CHURCH

How sweet this quiet hour! Our hearts
are stilled,
And dreamily there steals upon us here

Songs of Memory and Hope

A deep infinite calm. We must be
near,

Oh, very near, the Highest in this place.
Without, the sea, grand, changeful, won-
derful,

With murmuring cadence breaks upon the
stones

Which build this house — our Father's
house!

Which every wand'ring child may call
his own!

The preacher's voice thrills in its earnest-
ness,

And all the old sweet lessons we have
known

And loved since childhood seem to gain
in power

As we are shown how great and grand a
thing is life

If simply lived, and nobly, as to God.

With chastened hearts and reverent feet
we quit

The holy place; and lo! without, our eyes

Songs of Memory and Hope

Are thrilled by myriad tokens of His
love.

How soft the April sky, how mystic wonderful

The glory gilding all the eastern sea!

UNREST

THERE could not be
More blessed rest for weary heart or
brain

Than the hush'd beauty of this April
eve —

Its whispering breeze, its shyly-opening
flowers,

Its twittering birds, its softly-budding
trees,

Its promise of fair summer days to come.

Yet I, who love all these with strong, deep
love,

Look on them with unseeing eyes to-
night.

Songs of Memory and Hope

My restless spirit chafes amid the
hush,
And longs for rush of wild free wind of
Heaven
On lightning wings o'er some lone moun-
tain peak,
For voice of ocean sounding through the
night,
For gleam of darkling billows tipped with
foam,
For an infinite something grand and
strong
Wherein to lose this poor, weak, trem-
bling self.
O Christ! who stilled the storm on Gali-
lee,
Lay kind, calm hands upon this aching
brain;
In Thy great heart of love quench my
unrest,
And guide my faltering feet straight
home to Thee.

Songs of Memory and Hope

REST

Out in the battlefield amid the strife,
Encompassed by doubts, distressed by
fears,

Oft groping in dark hours through blind-
ing tears

For the deep "wherefore" of this earthly
life.

In the long heat and burden of the day
We cannot always touch our Father's
hand,

Nor lift our thoughts unto a fairer land,
Nor feel that His is still the better way.

Therefore for all, I hold it still to be
A good and fitting thing to dwell apart
A little while, to rest the weary heart
Among the hills or by the whispering sea,
To let the earth-bound spirit soar above
And cull from Nature's book that God is
Love.

Songs of Memory and Hope

A DREAM

LORD, I had lost Thee in the darkest hour,
In pain and weakness and the fear of
death.
I could not hear Thy voice, nor touch Thy
hand,
Nor see the shining radiance of Thy face.
Then all the way grew dark; my trem-
bling feet
Without their guide grew weary on the
stones,
And I could hear the wailings in the
tombs,
The rustling of the leaves, the moaning
wind,
But could not find the promise of the day.
Then anguish great took hold on me. I
cried,
“Lord, what is this? I am in direst need!
Why hast Thou left me desolate so
long?”

Songs of Memory and Hope

Then, lo! a light shone on the darkened
way.

I saw Thy face, my Lord, and felt Thy
hand,

And heard Thee chide me for my fearful-
ness.

Then laid me down in peace. When I
awoke again,

Behold, it was a dream.

IN DUBLIN BAY

I WONDER was it in pity

The blinding mists came down?

To-night on the weary city,

When sunset tints had flown?

I wonder was there a sorrow

To hide in its circling folds

A haunting dread of to-morrow,

A secret too dark to be told?

Songs of Memory and Hope

O God, let Thy vaster pity
Which knoweth, suffereth all!
To-night on the weary city,
Like balm of Gilead fall.

REVISITED

DEAR hills, there is no change in you,
Though years have rolled between;
The royal purple crowns your brows,
Checked with the living green.

The low grey skies, so near to heaven,
Veiling its mysteries,
One with the spell you weave within
Your misty silences.

The curlew calling to his mate,
The plover on the wing,
Dream-water crying on the stones,
Sweet is the song you sing.

Songs of Memory and Hope

Unchanged, dear hills; 'tis I am changed,
With sad thoughts growing grey;
Stand I a stranger at your gates —
Wayfarer of a day?

No, no, you still to me belong!
From out the misty years
Stretch golden cords of memory,
To start the tender tears.

Dear hills that lie so near to heaven,
By silence set apart,
Take, take this tribute to the spell
Ye weave about my heart.

NORTH AND SOUTH

Old city on thy bleak grey hills
Thy face toward the Northern Sea,
My waking dreams thine image fills,
And thou art passing fair to me.

Songs of Memory and Hope

Suns of the south are warm and kind,
Tongues of the south are sweet and low,
And softly through each wandering wind,
Sigh melodies of long ago.

Oh, Italy! thy radiant brows
Smile on pure art and beauty wed,
And in thy secret heart there glows
Pride of thy unforgotten dead.

But thou, lov'd city of my dreams,
Oh, thou art true, and in thine eyes
Deep down there dwells the light that
seems
More dear than wisdom to the wise.

Thy summers are too quickly flown,
Thy sunshine but a treach'rous good.
Perchance thy winds too much make
moan,
But they can stir the languid blood.

Songs of Memory and Hope

My Scotland, whom thy children hold
More dear than any land on earth,
I love thee! 'tis a joy untold
To my fond heart to owe thee birth.

And when my wandering feet and will
Shall homeward turn with glad consent,
Thy ruder breezes shall not chill
The summer of my deep content.

IN THE SCOTCH CHURCH AT FLORENCE

OH, this is home; be still, my heart,
And let the holy calm
Fall on thee like a benison
Or touch of Gilead's balm.

If thou hast wandered far, my heart,
Here canst thou find thy rest,
Where naught but thoughts of peace
abide,
The holiest and the best.

Songs of Memory and Hope

Sweet thoughts which lie so deep, my
heart,

They are a silent prayer,
Climbing the altar steps to heaven,
And seeking answer there.

Then take thy quiet rest, my heart,
Unvexed by doubt or fear.
If thou hast care, oh, lay it down!
Thy loving God is here.

Then for thy many joys, my heart,
Thy voice in gladness raise,
And grateful make the days to come
A monument of praise.

A SUMMER SONG

O WIND that stirs the young, green leaves,
Where hast thou found thy song?
Say, did the sea-queens whisper it —
The coral caves among?

Songs of Memory and Hope

O waves that sigh upon the shore
As sighing for release,
What is thy melody to me?
The rhythm of perfect peace.

The peace of happy hearts made glad
By paradise within,
Who reck not of the hard world's creed —
Its care, and strife, and din.

O summer wind! O summer sea,
Sing on, sing on, for aye;
Thine is the music of the heart —
Sing on, sing on, for aye.

SUMMER RAIN

O TARDY summer rain!
How cool thy drops on hedge and tree!
How welcome is thy voice to me!
Thy patter on the pane!

Songs of Memory and Hope

O gentle summer rain!
Say, didst thou know my fairest flow'rs
Were drooping in the sunny hours —
Longing for thee in vain?

O kindly summer rain!
After the hot and dusty days,
How pleasant are the country ways
Refreshed by thee again!

O blessed summer rain!
Thou bringest healing on thy wing,
The dawning of that fuller spring
We waited for in vain.

CHRISTMAS MORN

Is life so dreary, friend,
Thy heart a prison?
Can earth no sunshine lend?
Thy Christ hath risen!

Songs of Memory and Hope

What though the way be dark,
And drear thy load,
Soar upward like the lark,
Seek, seek thy God!

Up, upward to the sun,
'Tis joy to soar.
So only peace is won,
Life evermore.

Even when the tempest lowers
And billows break,
Such peace may still be ours,
For Jesus' sake.

THE GUEST

PEACE is the guest, the waiting guest,
At Christmas-tide.
Oh, may hers be no fruitless quest,
Thy door set wide,
Thy door set wide!

Songs of Memory and Hope

Oh, let her in, friend, on her wings,
To thee and thine.
A greeting from afar she brings,
'Tis love divine,
'Tis love divine.

A FAREWELL SONG

OLD YEAR, with face so worn and grey,
Locks wet with winter rain,
It seems but yesterday we met,
Yet here we part again.

Your work is done; high in the air
Rings out your passing bell;
I touch your kindly hand, old friend,
And sadly say, Farewell.

For you and I in right goodwill
Have spent the days together,
And shared the hazards of the way
In dark and sunny weather.

Songs of Memory and Hope

I've taken from your laden hand
 Good cheer and happy laughter;
Not many tears have dimmed my eyes,
 And if they fall hereafter,

Not yours the blame — you dwelt with me
 In sunshine and in peace;
And so, old year, I let you go
 Where cares and troubles cease.

I pray you leave behind with me
 The largess you have brought:
The courage, patience, trust, and love —
 Sweet lessons you have taught.

And so farewell! from out the mists
 Another year is born,
Through tears of parting we must smile,
 And bid the new, Good morn!

Songs of Memory and Hope

AFTER THE STORM

O RESTLESS, tumbling sea,
To-day thy dark and sullen gleam
Is like a half-forgotten dream
Of storm-tossed Galilee.

O bleak and lonely shore!
What art thou but a type of life?
Thy breaking waves the weary strife
That surgeth evermore.

O radiance in the west,
Lighting the gloom with bars of gold,
Thou art to me a joy untold,
A promise of dear rest.

When this brief storm is past,
The hand which stilled old Galilee,
Which guides us now on Life's rough sea,
Will bring us home at last.

Songs of Memory and Hope

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

WE cannot always have the sunlight
Shining brightly every day;
WE cannot always have the spring-time
And the blossoms of the May.

Clouds must darken the horizon,
Rain must fall in cooling showers,
Else we should not have the beauty
And the fragrance of the flowers.

See the gladness and the freshness
When the blessing of the rain,
Coming as a gift from Heaven,
Makes the earth to sing again.

So in life we need the shadows
And the mist of sorrow's rain,
To bring out our hidden beauties
And draw us near to Heaven again.

Let us take the shade and shining
As they come, and aye be true,

Songs of Memory and Hope

Never grumbling if the sunbeams
Seem so far between and few.

Let us aye be looking forward
To that fairer, better shore
Where the sun is shining ever
And the rain falls nevermore.

SABBATH BELLS

How fair the Sabbath morning
Dawns on the quiet town,
On hands from labour resting,
On week-day work laid down!

And weary hearts turn heavenward
In gratitude and love,
While earth-bound aims soar higher
Into the light above.

O bells, how sweet your voices
Ring through the quiet air!

Songs of Memory and Hope

How welcome your glad summons
Unto the house of prayer!

What mem'ries, dear and tender,
Ye waken, Sabbath bells!
What wealth of heartfelt praises
Your happy tune foretells.

Ye soothe like sweetest music,
Ye calm the restless will;
How drear the Sabbath morning
Were your sweet voices still!

THE VOICE OF THE RIVER

O RIVER, there comes thronging
A flood of thoughts to me,
Watching thy restless flowing
On to the distant sea.

At eve and early morning
I hear thy ceaseless flow,

Songs of Memory and Hope

Sometimes so free and joyous,
Sometimes subdued and slow.

I watch thy bosom glitter
With gladness in the sun,
Or darkling in the shadow,
When the short day is done.

And ever, always, river,
Thou hast a voice for me;
With all my moods and fancies
Thou'rt tuned in sympathy.

Thy voice to-night, O river,
Is full of peace for me,
Commingling with the music
Of life's deep mystery.

For peace is all about me —
Within, around, above —
And in thy singing, river,
The sweetest note is love.

Songs of Memory and Hope

MEMORIAM VERSES

AND art thou gone, my father — shall thy
smile

No longer greet the children at the door?
Thou hast but left us for a little while;
The voices called thee to the brighter
shore.

Quiet was thy voyaging, though frail thy
bark,

And dear the anch'rage at the further
side;

Thy Jesus at the helm — sure was the
mark,

Rest from the billows of the earthly tide.

In that fair haven where all troublings
cease

Thou leanest, joyous, on thy Saviour's
breast;

We grudge thee not thy heritage of
peace —

At eventide there cometh time for rest.

Songs of Memory and Hope

Dear to our hearts, the blessed memory
Of blameless days lived to a blameless
close,

And dearer still, the priceless legacy
Of faith and love, we find it hard to lose.

Farewell, till daybreak, and the shadows
flee,

With trembling feet we seek to follow on;
Thou shalt not come, but we shall go to
thee,

We too may reach the Light where thou
hast gone.

MY MOTHER

WHITE lids shut gently over meek tired
eyes,

Dear hands laid still upon the quiet
breast,

All their unselfish labour ended now for
ever.

Songs of Memory and Hope

We shall not see again that sweetest
smile

Which made for us the sunshine of the
days,

Nor hear that counsel, wise and womanly,
That guided us in all the household ways.
Her gentle lips ne'er spake an angry
word,

Her bless'd serenity was never stirred,
Save sometimes when she chid our care-
less jest,

Lest it should probe too deep.

Such was her blameless life, yet God saw
fit

And took her in the prime of useful days.

O mem'ry of her faith, come join with
hope in Christ,

And lift our hearts to happier shores than
these.

May we, her children, follow in her steps,
So in Thy time we all may meet her there.

Songs of Memory and Hope

ROBERT SOMERVILLE SIMPSON

*Killed in action at Brakenlaagte, South Africa,
30th October. Aged 23.*

“The Scottish Horse behaved with conspicuous gallantry. Every man stood to his duty.” —
Vide Press.

“I have faced death in many forms during the last six months. Thank God, I am ready.” —
Letter to his mother.

THROUGH mist and blinding rain, silent,
with bated breath,
They mount the jagged ridge of pain, the
long last ridge of death.
What's here? Deep silence, gloom,
around, above, below.
Yet hark! afar the sullen boom, the
thunder of the foe.
What thoughts grip hard the heart, of
home and love and beauty?
No matter, play the hero's part, stand to
a soldier's duty!
Swift turn the young, bright face, set,
eager, fearless, steady,

Songs of Memory and Hope

To meet the foe with heart of grace.

Death — is it? I am ready.

Is this the last good-bye, here on the
kindly sod?

'Tis not so hard a thing to die. What
comes next? Is it God?

.

Great God, and this is war, this holo-
caust of woe?

How in sweet heaven, that seems so far,
canst bear to have it so?

.

Sad mother by the hearth, weeping so
desolate,

The bitter pangs of mortal birth seemed
less than these — ah, wait!

Do not too wildly chafe, the innocent
child-heart

Which beat so dear on thine is safe. God
shall fulfil His part.

When the long day is done, and eyes are
tired with woe,

Songs of Memory and Hope

Somewhere, at setting of the sun, will
rise the afterglow.
Death shall be overthrown, tears pass as
in a dream,
And Love receive its perfect crown by
the still waters' gleam.

D. S.

October, 1891

BELOVED, it is well with thee
In thy young manhood's prime,
Though at high noontide thou hast left
The fleeting things of time.

Too soon our sorrowing hearts would cry
Thy earthly sun hath set,
But none too soon for thee have passed
Life's fever and its fret.

The brave, pure, upright, blameless life,
The faith, deep, silent, broad,

Songs of Memory and Hope

The heart which knows no baser thought,
Fears not to meet its God.

And these, my brother, these were thine,
And we who, sorrowing, wait,
Know with what joy thy stedfast eyes
Beheld the golden gate.

Not lost, beloved, no, nor hid,
The eye of faith is strong.
To pierce the veil, the ear of faith
May hear the ransomed's song.

FOR EFFIE M'DONALD

THE lambs are crying to their mothers
From the green pastures and the sunny
hill,
But on our hearts lies dark the shadow,
For our ewe lamb is still.

In every hedge the birds are happy,
Low brooding over little ones full
grown,

Songs of Memory and Hope

But from the nest we lined so tender
Our one white dove has flown.

The troutlets in the pools are playing,
And all the eddies ripple in the sun.
Oh, everywhere sweet young life goes
a-maying!
And only ours is done.

They tell us heavenly fields are shining,
That there all day the happy children
play;
But oh, dear God, Thou knowest we are
human —
These fields are far away.

She was so little, tender, clinging,
To go out in the darkness all alone.
If only we might now lie down beside her,
Oh, we should make no moan!

Songs of Memory and Hope

The sun but mocks us with his brightness,
There is no music in the singing lark.
If she is happy there, oh, make us feel it,
For we are in the dark.

L. W.

Low in the vale the mellowing sun
Is glistening on untimely snow,
As if the year were scarce begun,
Though at our feet the lilies blow.

We see the spring-time's glad caress
Through eyes that sadly overflow,
And all its beauty seems the less,
Since o'er her grave the lilies blow.

O not more pure of heart are they
Than she now passed beyond our ken!
Nor shorter seems their little day
Than hers, in this sad world of men.

Songs of Memory and Hope

Blow on, frail emblems of the love
Which builds its hope on earthly
things;
O'er our sad hearts, Faith, heavenly dove,
Broods, with sweet healing in her
wings.

There is no death, love is not vain,
Hope points us to serener skies,
Where earth's frail lilies bloom again
In the fair paths of Paradise.

ROBINA F. HARDY

THE sun blinks bonnily
Far ower the simmer sea,
But I canna see'd the day
For the saut tear in my e'e.

An' I maun mak' my mane,
Whatever folk may feel,
For her that's gane awa'
To the Land o' the leal.

Songs of Memory and Hope

Awa'! I canna thole'd,
The heart that lo'ed sae weel,
That felt for ilka woe,
That was as true as steel.

The tongue that drappit gowd,
The sweet blink o' the e'e,
The busy hand — a' stilled!
What for should sic things be?

Wheest! His guid time had come,
An' maybe she was fain
To see the ither side,
An' hers is a' the gain.

She served her Maister weel,
An' she's fell rich the day;
He's ta'en her to Himsel',
To be at rest for aye.

Songs of Memory and Hope

TO M. S. A.

THE sun that glints sae bonnily
Far ower the silver simmer sea
Is like the sweet blink o' thine e'e,
My Mary.

High in the lift, baith sweet and clear,
The lav'rock's sang fa's on the ear;
To me thy voice is twice as dear,
My Mary.

Dear heart, sae true an' free frae guile,
The world is better for thy smile;
It lichtens mony a weary mile,
My Mary.

God guide thee, guard thee, keep thy
heart
Fresh in the world's sad, busy mart;
May thine be aye the better part,
My Mary.

Songs of Memory and Hope

God bless thee aye, though far or near,
An' bless ilk heart thou holdest dear;
May joy be thine frae year to year,
My Mary.

An' syne to that blest hame abune
We hope to reach if late or sune
Safe guide thee, when thy work is dune,
My Mary.

NAE REST OR WE WIN HAME

WHAT's life but a long pilgrimage
Ower mony a dreary road?
Up mony a stey an' staney brae
Ilk ane bears his ain load.

Through frosts, an' snaws, an' gatherin'
clouds,
Through mony a rainy day,
Wi' whiles a blink o' kindly sun
To licht the toilsome wey.

Songs of Memory and Hope

What wonder feet grow weary whiles,
An' heids an' herts the same;
But here there is nae sittin' doon,
Nae rest or we win Hame.

Dear hands slip daily frae oor grasp,
An' herts are sundered sair,
An' een are fain wi' saut, saut tears
For them we'll see nae mair.

But though we bear the burden here,
Thole griefs we daurna name,
We'll slip them a' in God's guid time,
An' rest when we win Hame.

APRIL DAYS

Hoo green an' fresh the buddin' trees
In a' the woodland weys,
Where blithesome birds are welcoming
The bonnie April days.

Songs of Memory and Hope

The gowan an' the sweet bluebell
Are bloomin' on the lèa;
The glen is decked wi' primrose pale
An' shy anemone.

Hoo kind an' sweet the gentle wind,
The sun hoo bricht an' clear!
Oh, this should be a hertsome time,
The spring-time o' the year.

But me, I canna see the buds
For mist o' blindin' rain!
The birdies only lilt for me
A bitter-sweet refrain.

Dear God, hoo sair an' ill to thole
The pairtin's we hae here.
Sure, Ye maun bring us a' abune
In the spring-time o' the year.

Songs of Memory and Hope

IN TIME O' HAIRST

THE leaves amang the birken shaws
Glint yellow in the sun,
An' gently whisper as they fa'
That simmer days are dune.

Thick grow the bonnie clusters red,
Upon the rowan tree,
An' to my e'en there creeps a mist
O' tearfu' memory.

Baith high and low, on braid hairst fields,
The reapers are fu' thrang,
An' as they stook the gowden grain
They lilt a blithesome sang.

Fu' bonnie shines the mornin' sun,
Wi' dewdraps in his beam.
Fu' bonnie shines the harvest mune
When gloamin' fa's at e'en.

Songs of Memory and Hope

'Twas in the gowden time o' hairst,
The Reaper cam' at e'en
To cut the sheaf o' stannin' corn,
Wi' His dark sickle keen.

But 'tis in love the Maister wills
To tak' His harvest hame,
To bind oor wanderin' herts abune,
And so we daurna blame.

To mind us Time is hastenin' on,
Sic sorrow here are gien,
But when we've bound oor stent on earth,
We'll meet at Hame at e'en.

FAR FRAE HAME

Fu' bonnie shines the simmer sun
Upon a simmer sea,
But it's no' the canty blink
O' my ain countrie.

Songs of Memory and Hope

Fu' sweetly blaws the wasterin' wind
Through ilka leafy tree,
But it's no' the wild free air
O' my ain countrie.

Baith sweet an' scented are the flooers
That blossom on the lea,
But they seemed sweeter far
In my ain countrie.

The laigh green English hills
Hae little charm for me:
I want the heather braes
O' my ain countrie.

But I hae found a hame,
'Mang strangers though I be;
An' herts as leal an' true,
As in my ain countrie.

An' I hae found my God
Bide aye as near to me
Here in the stranger's land,
As in my ain countrie.

Songs of Memory and Hope

GLOAMIN'

It is a sweet and restfu' time,
The day an' nicht between;
When a' the heat an' burden's past,
An' gloamin' fa's at e'en.

When red the sun draps ower the hill,
An' leaves a gowden licht
Upon the weary warld afore
The fa'in o' the nicht.

An' when a bonnie big hairst mune
Comes shyly ower the hill,
An' ane by ane the stars peep oot,
An' a' the warld is still,

Oh, then there creeps ower mony a heart
A mist o' memory
O' lang-gane days, an' faces dear,
Which noo nae mair they see.

Songs of Memory and Hope

An' some strong, quiet hand is laid
On earthly care an' strife,
An' earth-bound thochts are lifted to
The higher, better life.

It's in the bonnie gloamin' hoor
That I wad like to dee,
Jist when the first beams o' the mune
Are tremblin' on the sea.

But I am in a higher hand,
His time, my time maun be;
Whatever hoor He thinks the best,
Will be the best for me.



